

Peace
to all

DIVINE

1607/314

H Y M N S,

Chiefly intended to be Sung before and after

CHARITY SERMONS.



Penrith:

Printed by Ann Bell.

Hark ! the angels shouting cries,
 Welcome, welcome to the skies !
 Jesus calls, he calls to thee,
 Faithful servant, come to me.

Holy Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begins to live ;
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be.
 Jesus, see my panting breast,
 See I pant in thee to rest,
 Gladly would I now be clean,
 Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

Fix, O fix my wavering mind,
 To thy cross my spirit bind,
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up my soul in love :
 Dust and ashes tho' we be,
 Full of sin and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

H Y M N III.

A GAIN the kind revolving year,
 Has brought this happy day,
 And we in God's blest'd house appear,
 Again Our vows to pay.

Our watchful guardians, rob'd in white,
 Adore the heavenly king,
 Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright,
 Incessant praises sing.

They know no want, they feel no care,
 Nor ever sigh as we;
 Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
 And all is harmony.

There reigns the Lord our righteousness,
 In majesty and love,
 And shews the glories of his face
 To all the bless'd above.

If ought can there enhance their bliss,
 Or raise their raptures higher,
 New joys in heaven, at sights like this,
 New anthems fill the choir.

With what resembling care and love,
 Both worlds for us appear:
 Our friendly guardians those above,
 Our benefactors here.

H Y M N IV.

LORD, hear our humble pray'r,
 And with thy guardian care
 Defend and bless our days of youth;

O! make us wise to know
 Thy covenant and law,
 Thy law of holiness and truth.

Chase all our nature's night,
 With thy divinest light,
 And lead us to thy dwelling-place :
 Thy sweet forgiving love
 Give us with joy to prove,
 And patient run the heavenly race.

With penitential fear,
 Thy name may we revere,
 And shun the first approach of ill :
 Under thy banner fight,
 Upheld by sov'reign might,
 Till we attain thy holy hill.

In humble acts of praise,
 Our hearts to thee we raise,
 And gratefully thy love adore;
 Salvation be the song
 That shall inspire our tongue,
 When time and death shall be no more.



Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a
pardon,

We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

On Zion we stand, when we escap'd to the
shore,

With palms in our hands we'll praise him
the more,

We'll range the sweet plains on the banks
of the river,

We'll sing of salvation for ever and ever.

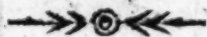
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

H M Y M N II.

JESUS now his work revive,
Now his quick'ning spirit strive,
O let preachers, people all,
Listen to the glorious call,
Join the simple lively throng,
Catch the fire, and swell the throng,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Spread the life thro' all the land.

Pilgrim, loon his journey's done;
Warriors, loon the battle's won;
Where's your doubts, your cares, and fears,
See the glittering Crown appears!

H Y M N S.



H Y M N I.

NOW Christ he is risen, the serpent's head
 bruised,
 Our debts are all paid, and sinners excused,
 Repentance and forgiveness is preach'd and
 believed,
 The sons of the aliens those gifts have re-
 ceived,
 And sinners, who in darkness by death were
 surrounded,
 Now speak of a light, while the wise are con-
 founded.

A voice of free grace cries,—escape to the
 mountains,
 For Adam's lost race there is opened a foun-
 tain,
 For sin and uncleannels, and ev'ry transgres-
 sion,
 His blood flows so freely in the streams of
 salvation,
 To the Father and Son, and likewise the
 Spirit,
 To the great Three in One we are saved by
 his merit.



H Y M N V.

WHEN fruitful showers, by God's command,
 Refresh'd some parch'd and thirsty land;
 The laughing fields rejoice,
 So we, cheer'd by your kindness, raise
 The joyful hymn of infant praise,
 And swell our grateful voice.

How late did ignorance surround
 Our heedless steps, no star was found
 To guide our erring way:
 Till, by your aid, the friendly light
 Of heavenly knowledge, turn'd our night
 To Christ's meridian day.

Let misers, grasping still to more,
 To add to their superfluous store,
 Each liberal thought suppress.
 While you, with open hands, bestow,
 And with the heart-felt transports glow,
 Which generous bosoms bless.

Accept, O Lord, our humble praise,
 Which now in gratitude we raise,
 And thee in songs adore.
 'Tis thou that mov'st the gen'rous mind,
 To scatter bounty unconfin'd,
 On those that need their store.

Our friends and benefactors spare,
 To prove thy kind indulgent care,
 On earth, and then above :
 With precious treasure fill their cups,
 And then in mercy raise them up,
 To share thy endless love.

GLORIA PATRI.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join us with the heav'nly host,
 To praise thee evermore.

God, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All Glory be to Thee.

